

Outwitting the Cobra
IN certain parts of Africa the natives inoculate themselves with snake venom, and so become immune from the bite of the puff-adder, ringhail, cobra and night-adder, and they then practice as snake doctors.

This Day in Our History
THIS is the anniversary of the departure of Benjamin Franklin, in 1778, to negotiate a treaty with France. His efforts were successful at a time when aid was essential for the struggling colonies.

Robert W. Chambers' Famous Story THE STREETS OF ASCALON Illustrated by Charles Dana Gibson

A Spirited and Swiftly Moving Romance of Hearts and High Society, by the Greatest Living Master of Fiction.

By Robert W. Chambers.
Whose Novels Have Won Him International Fame.
"THEN let us have peace," Strela said unsteadily. "I have been—not very happy since we—"
"I know. I've been utterly miserable, too." He lifted one of her hands and kissed it, and she changed color but left her hand lying there in his. "Do you mind?" he asked.
"No."
He laid his lips to her fingers again; she stirred uneasily, then rested her other arm on the back of the seat and shaded her eyes.
"I think—you had better not—touch me—any more"—she said faintly.
"Is it disagreeable?"
"Yes—no, no . . . It is—it has nothing to do with friendship—"
She looked up, flushed, curious. "Why do you always want to touch me, Mr. Quarren?"
Back to Battle.
"Did you ever care for a flower?"
"Rix"—she caught her breath as his name escaped her for the first time, and he saw her face surging in the loveliest color. "It was your nonsensical answer—I took me to surprise, . . . and I ask your pardon for being stupid."
And—may I have my hand? I use it occasionally.
He quietly reversed it, laid his lips to the palm and released her fingers.
"Strela," he said, "I'm coming back into the battle again."
"Then I'm sorry I forgave you."
"Are you?"
"Yes, I am. Yes, yes, yes. Why can't you be to me what I wish to be to you? Why can't you be what I want—what I need—"
"Do you know what you need?"
"Yes, I—"
"No, you don't. You need to love—and to be loved. You don't know it, but you do—"
"That is a—perfectly brutal thing to say—"
"Does it sound so to you?"
"Yes, it does! It is brutal—common, unworthy of you and of me—"
He took both her hands in a grip that almost hurt her:

Fate Takes a Hand in This Game of Hearts



Drawn by Charles Dana Gibson.
Sir Charles Mallison, a suitor for Strela Leeds' heart.

While the rich Mrs. Sprowl has laid all her plans to induce Strela Leeds to marry the enormously wealthy Sir Charles Mallison, that gentleman has been thrown with the charming Chryso Lacy, whom he finds a congenial, a beautiful and an intellectual companion. Strela herself is about ready to choose Langly Sprowl, the millionaire philanthropist, for her husband. Rix Quarren, who loves her, sees no hope for his suit. Then Fate takes a hand in the game.



Drawn by Charles Dana Gibson.
Chryso Lacy, who wins the admiration of Sir Charles Mallison.

you or demand anything at all of you or tell you that you make mistakes. People are just going to like you, Strela, and you needn't love them if you don't want to. You shall feel about everything exactly as you please—about Tom, Dick and Harry and about me, too."
Her hot face against his shoulder was quivering.
"There," he whispered—"there, there—you little, little girl. That's all I want of you after all—only what you want to give me. I don't wish to marry you if you don't wish it; I won't—I perhaps couldn't really love you very deeply if you didn't respond. I shall not bother you any more—or worry or nag or insist. What you do is right as far as I am concerned; what you offer I take; and whenever you find yourself unable to respond to anything I offer, say so fearlessly—look so, even, and I'll understand. Is all well between us now, Strela?"
"Yes. . . . You are so good. . . . I wanted this. . . . You don't mean anything, do you by—by your arm around me—"
"No more than your face against my shoulder means." He smiled.
"Which I suppose signifies merely that you feel very secure with me."

"I—begin to. . . . Will you let me?"
"Yes. . . . Do you feel restless? Do you want to lift your head?"
A Haven of Rest.
She moved a little but made no reply. He could see only the full smooth curve of her cheek against his shoulder. It was rather colorless.
"I believe you are worn out," he said.
"I have not rested for weeks."
"On account of that trust business?"
"Yes. . . . But I was tired before that—I had done too much—lived too much—and I've felt as though I were being hunted for so long. . . . And then—I was unhappy about you."
"Because I had joined in the hunt," he said.
"You were different, but—you made me feel that way, too—a little—"
"I understand now."
"Do you really?"
"Yes. It's been a case of men following, crowding after you, urging their desires—to care for them in their own way—all sorts I suppose, sad and sentimental, eager and exacting, headlong and boisterous—all at you constantly to give them what is not in you to give—what has

never been awakened—what lies stunned, crippled; perhaps mangled in its sleep—"
"Killed," she whispered.
"Perhaps." He raised his eyes and looked absently out across the sparkling water. Sunlight slanted on his shoulder and her hair, gliding the nape of her white neck where the hair grew blond and fine as a child's.
And like a child, still confused by memories of past terror, partly quieted, yet still sensitive to every sound or movement, Strela lay close to the arm that sheltered her, thinking, wondering that she could endure it, and all the while conscious that the old fear of him was no longer there.
"Do you—know about me?" she asked in a still, low voice.
"About the past?"
"About my marriage?"
"Yes."
"Everything?"
"Some things."
"You know what the papers said?"
"Yes. . . . Don't speak of it—unless you care to, Strela."
"I want to. . . . Do you know this is the first time?"
"Is it?"
"The first time I have ever spoken of it to anybody. . . . As long as

A Delightful Romance in Which a Beautiful Girl Makes a Great Sacrifice for the Gifted Young Man She Loves.

could afford. Even then romance persisted. I had the idea of a colored picture book concerning men and love and marriage. I remember, as a little child, that I had a picture book showing Cinderella's wedding. It was a very golden sort of picture. It colored my ideas after I was grown up."
Strela moved her head a little, looked up an instant and smiled; but at Quarren's answering smile she turned her cheek to his shoulder, hastily, and lay silent for awhile. Presently she continued in a low voice:
A Haven of Rest.
"It was when we were returning for the April vacation—and the platform was crowded and some of the girls' brothers were there. There were two trains in—and much confusion—I don't know how I became separated from Miss Buckley and my schoolmates—I don't know to this day how I found myself on the Baltimore train, and Gladys Leeds' brother laughing and talking and the train moving faster and baster. . . ."
"There is no use saying any more. I was as ignorant as I was innocent—a perfect little fool, frightened, excited, even amused by turns. . . . He had been attentive to me. We both were fools. Only finally I became badly scared and he talked such nonsense—and I managed to slip away from him and board the train at Baltimore as soon as we arrived there. . . . If he hadn't found me and returned to New York with me, it might not have been known. But we were recognized on the train—and it was a dreadful thing for me when I arrived home after midnight. . . ."
She fell silent; once or twice he looked down at her and saw that her eyes were closed. Then, with a quick, uneven breath:
"I think you know the rest, don't you?"
"I think so."
But she went on in a low, emotionless voice: "I was treated like a damaged gown—for which depreciation in value somebody was to be made responsible. I suffered; days and nights seemed unreal. There were lawyers; did you know it?"
"No."
"Yes," she said wearily. "It was a bad dream—my mother, others—his family—many people strange and familiar passed through it. Then we traveled; I saw nothing, feeling half dead. . . . We were married in the Hawaiian Islands."
"I know."
"Then—the two years began."
After a long while she said again: "That was the real nightmare. I passed through the depths as in a trance. There was nothing lower, not even hell. . . . We traveled in Europe, Africa, and India for two years. . . . I scarcely remember a soul I saw or one single object. And then—that happened."
"I know, dear."
A slight shudder passed over her. "I've told you," she whispered. "I've told you at last. Shall I tell you more?"
"Not unless—"
"I don't know whether I want to about the gendarmes—and that terrible woman who screamed when they touched her with the handcuffs—and how ill I was—"
She had begun to tremble so perceptibly that Quarren's arm tightened around her; and presently she became limp and motionless.
A Very Close Bond.
"This—what I have told you—is a very close bond between us, isn't it?" she said.
"Very close, Strela."
"Was I much to blame?"
"No."
"How much?"
"You should have left him long before."
"Why, he was my husband! I had made a contract; I had to keep it and make the best of it."
"That was all I could see to do about it."
"Don't you believe in divorce?"
"Yes; but I thought he'd be killed; I thought he was a little insane. If he'd been well mentally and merely cruel and brutal I would have left him. But one can't abandon a helpless person."
(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)
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WHICH DO YOU SEE?
THE BEAUTIFUL OR THE UGLY AND TAWDRY IN LIFE

By Beatrice Fairfax
"LOOK at that girl! If her skirts were any shorter they'd be worse than the bathing suits you see nowadays."
"Did you see that old woman? She had her lips made up so it looked as if somebody had washed a paint brush over her mouth."
"Say, what do you think that man thinks he is with a white duck coat on? A street cleaner or a dentist running around the corner to hail a few patients?"
"Oh, my dear, just notice that ghastly looking child with her hair pulled—"
But at that point I shut my mind to Catherine's comments.
We had passed a florist shop full of the most glorious dark crimson dahlias. We'd come close to a pretty young girl who turned in her path to help an old blind man across the street. We had waited for traffic to pass close to where two perfectly matched bay horses drew a victoria in which sat two adorable, grandmotherly, old women with a sweet little girl seated between them.
Catherine saw none of this. She only noticed and commented on the entire, the ugly, the tawdry. And suddenly I realized that she goes through life seeing the raveling at the cuffs' edge instead of the pretty pattern of the shirt.
What do you observe as you travel through the days and along the path of your life? Are you refreshed by the blue sky or do you find yourself centering your attention on the dingy gray clouds along the horizon? It is easy enough to accent whatever

SOME LATE BLOUSES

By Rita Stuyvesant
IT is hard to distinguish the blouses from the gumpies this season, unless you get behind them. For the trimming is placed where it shows to the best advantage, directly in front. However, the blouses are more complete, and one does not hesitate to remove her coat as she would if she wore but a gumpie.
There are gumpies with sleeves and ones without, and ones that take the form of a waistcoat, and as the autumn season advances the popularity of the gumpie increases.
To wear with the sleeveless frock of tricotine, if one is a bit tired of the white gumpie, why not try a smart blouse of natural pongee with a bit of string tied at the neck? These blouses may be made collarless, if preferred, or one may choose the long roll collar if that is becoming. Blouses of gray Canton crepe are smart, and so are those cut from the darker colors.
The older woman will welcome a smart waistcoat with a square neck opening, the long narrow collar descending at each side to meet the straight-across top of the vestee. With this type vest one generally wears a handsome bar pin, and perhaps for this very reason they are coming back to vogue.
Elaborate waistbands for suits are developed in all-over flit or Irish lace. Under these one wears a facing of flesh colored satin, and the effect is very dressy. Both of these styles are well liked by the matron who is inclined to be stout.
Dainty, fluffy gumpies that are to be worn with suits will keep their places better if made with sleeves.

FOR LOVE

By Ruby M. Ayres
"LOOK here—I'm going to run—I've got to get up to town tonight. There's no train. So I shall take the car. You can come if you like, but make up your mind quickly." Peter's mind was made up already.
"I'll come," he said briefly.
They raced back through the dark lanes they were panting and breathing when they reached the Highway House; Philip paused a moment; he was sick with fear and dread. Peter glanced at him and broke out: "She may be here—let me go and see first."
"Very well—but I know she isn't—I'll get the car."
He went off around to the garage; a moment later Peter rejoined him. "Well—well?" Philip asked.
Peter shook his head. They took the car round to the front door. Philip went in for a moment to find his mother; he explained hurriedly. "I'm going up to town—with Eva." He dared not tell her the truth; he gripped her hand hard for a moment.
"It's all right—don't ask any questions, that's a dear, and don't worry." He kissed her and was gone; a moment later he and Peter were racing toward New York.
The little car seemed to fly over the road; Philip was driving recklessly without being in the least conscious of it; they had gone some miles before Peter spoke:
"Where are you going—to the apartments?"
Presently Peter tried again. "She may not have come up to town at all; what makes you think she has?"
No answer. Peter drew the rug more closely about him; he was chilled and miserable.
It was long past midnight when they reached New York.
Philip slowed down a little—he seemed to be looking for some particular street; suddenly he swerved the car around, turned sharply to the right and stopped outside a high, unpretentious looking apartment house.
Peter glanced up at it impatiently; there was only one lighted window of the many overlooking the street; he asked an irritable question.
"What on earth . . . who lives here?"
Philip got out; he shut the low door of the car with a little slam; his brother-in-law caught a glimpse of his face as he turned away, and in all his life he never forgot the look in Philip's eyes or the tone of his voice as he answered hoarsely: "Calligan."
A moment later he was hammering at the door.
Calligan had passed a miserable day. He had rung up the Winterdicks in the morning, and learned that Eva had gone to the country, and since then he had not known a minute's peace.
He had done the right thing in urging her to go, he knew, and yet he hated to think of her down at the

PREPARE FOR WINTER

By Loretta C. Lynch
TOO often winter approaches only to find the home maker totally unprepared for it. Unfortunately, therefore, there is very often much unnecessary distress, as well as expense, during the cold season. The thrifty housewife goes over her home thoroughly during the fall days and makes a note of needed repairs or alterations. So, whether you own the home in which you live or rent it, you should take stock of its condition. For instance, is the heating plant in working order?
Where it is possible, the coal supply should be acquired as far in advance of actual winter as possible. It is good forethought to make a fire in the early fall just to test out the equipment.
It is the part of wisdom to have the roof of the house gone over very thoroughly for leaks. Gutters and leaders should likewise be gone over.
When taking down the hangings and curtains of summer they should be cleaned, aired, wrapped, and labeled so as to be available at a moment's notice when the warm days return. Summer clothing should be gone over, and only what is really available for further use should be granted storage space. There are many poor folks in the warmer parts of our country who might be able to make immediate use of summer attire you no longer want.
Porch furniture should be cleaned and wrapped either in newspaper or burlap. If it needs repainting, fall is a good time to paint it. A stiff brush and some soapy water to which has been added a little ammonia will prove effective in cleaning reed or willow furniture.
The thoughtful housewife will see to it that every member of the household is provided with rubber over shoes and rainproof coats far in advance of the real cold days. It is well to print name and address in indelible ink on the lining of the school child's rubbers. Go over the umbrellas and see that they are in usable condition. These suggestions will help make the household run more smoothly during the cold days to come.
Do you know that
Discovery has been made of a process by which the muscular tissues of horses and cattle can be converted into silk.
A fly walks, in proportion to its size, thirteen times as fast as a man can run.
The Russian Red army has a strength of 1,000,000 infantry, 110,000 cavalry and 3,350 artillery.
Each female salmon yields approximately 3,500 eggs each year.

EAT GOOD BREAKFAST

By Brice Belden, M. D.
WHAT can be done for people who have no appetite for breakfast?
It is extremely desirable that the day be started with a good appetite for breakfast and a sense of feeling fit. The day is not started right unless one has an optimistic outlook. This is largely assured by taking care of the morning's nutritive needs.
A substantial breakfast, light lunch and good dinner are required if one would live in tolerable comfort. The fact that this mode of living has become incorporated in our common customs implies its soundness.
It is safe to say that a person who has no appetite for breakfast is not in normal condition.
By starting the day with a good breakfast one supplies enough fuel for the body to run all day, provided there is a little extra energy added at lunch time in the form of a light repeat. Then at dinner time there is a healthy appetite for the evening meal.
It is eating between meals and between dinner and bedtime that plays the mischief with the human stomach in the morning. The nibbling of crackers and the eating of ice cream and candy between meals, not to speak of more substantial things, invites trouble.
Nothing at all should be eaten between meals, if one would have good health, shown not only by a healthy morning appetite, but in many other ways that are desirable. Then there is another important factor making for a good morning appetite. That is a cold bath. Those for whom this is too strenuous or too time consuming should give themselves a hard rub and a vigorous toweling.

SICKLY CHILDREN GROW RUGGED ON YEAST

Give It to them in Pleasant Tablet Form Combined With Iron.
Usually Brings Desired Results in a Few Days.
The reason many children become weak, thin, puny and run-down is because their food is actually starving them to death. This is an actual fact. Modern cooking methods, it has been found, rob many of our healthiest foods of their most important element—vitamins. Without the proper amount of vitamins in our food, we can never hope to be strong, and well to do as we hope to be strong. Recently scientists made the startling discovery that yeast was the richest known source of vitamins. But most people could not eat common baking yeast, and after much experimenting the way was found to put yeast vitamins in tablet form. This method is embedded in Ironized Yeast Tablets.
Ironized Yeast Tablets
MADE BY CONCENTRATED VITAMIN SOURCE

Household Hints

Mix your mustard with new milk instead of water. This entirely removes any bitterness and the mustard will keep fresh for a week or more.
If, when boiling potatoes, they are ready a little too soon, place a towel over the saucepan instead of the usual lid.
When packing pictures a piece of cork placed at the corners of the frames between each two will prevent them from getting rubbed and avoid breakage.
Sprinkle salt over your winter coal stock as soon as it is delivered. This will keep the coal in better condition and it will not depreciate in quality by getting too dry.
If a cloth is placed over a basin of freshly made starch there will be no skin on the top, as is the case when it is left to cool uncovered.

Better than an alarm clock—the aroma of
LOFFLER'S COUNTRY SAUSAGE
Fifty Years Finest
It brings them a-running to table! Quick to prepare—a hot pan, a little lard, fry! At once regular demand with all the family. Try buckwheat cakes, syrup and Loffler's Country Sausage tomorrow morning.
Ask Your Meat Man
Another of the
36 LOFFLER Sausage Specialties—
BOLOGNA
When 100% PURE Est More SAUSAGE